{ tempel ov blood }

Tales of Sinister Influence

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TEMPEL OV BLOOD

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A HERMIT'S CONFESSIONS

A little girl skipped down the trail, her sneakers bouncing upon the springy ground covering of manicured chipped pine. Observing closer it is obvious that the person is not a little girl at all, but rather a young woman of at least nineteen years of age. Her clothing, a pleated skirt and a brightly colored blouse, exudes youthfulness - as does her demeanor. She flits down the path, dark due to the thick cover of trees, humming to herself and gesticulating at figures and beings that only she can see.

From the cover of brush atop the earthen rise above the trail, the hermit gazes towards her with great yearning. It seems as though it has been years since he has gazed upon a form of feminine beauty - although it has only been thirteen months since Wulsin assumed his role as a reclusive hermit living deep in the southern woodlands.

Wulsin's left hand is wrapped around the branch of a spruce sapling - the rise is steep and hints at the fact that if not careful, it would not be difficult for a person to take a mad tumble down the slope onto the valley trail beneath.

With his right hand, Wulsin pulls out an odd wooden whistle from his sodden traveling knapsack.

A shrill toot pierces the serene quiet of the forest. The young lass ceases her fanciful undulations, standing solidly with her hands on her hips - perking her ear to the wind.

Wulsin removes the instrument from his mouth and sighs. So long has it been since he has talked (much less touched) another. His only companions over the long months of his hermitage were the familiars which visited him in the forms of cats and rabbits and the ethereal astral manifestations of the elemental spirits of the wood which came to him on the nights of the new moon.

When he first began his reclusive life, he had been leaving a chaotic several years characterized by exoteric meddling in revolutionary politics, intrigue and subterfuge, as well as a period of almost two years spent in prison as a result of his involvement in certain anti-establishment circles.

It had been a period of tragedy, terror, camaraderie and faustian glory. It began and progressed during the preliminary stages of the "Terrorist Wars" and Wulsin had emerged, not unscathed, but as a survivor. Many of his contemporaries had not been so fortunate: some, assassinated by federal bullets. Others, kidnapped and taken to remote offshore concentration camps where they still rotted (if they still did indeed possess life) - gone, never to return.

A chill came over him as he contemplated his past, a Satanic overcoming which had made him older - breaking the innocence he once possessed that was now but a sweet memory of the living past.

His eyes swept eagerly over the girl - full, muscled legs that were testament to an active participation in life out-of-doors. Plump arms and perfect hips so common of the rural American farm girl.

Wulsin raised his whistle to his lips and a slow, churning melody issued forth from the wooden pipes into the cool air of the forest.

The girl's eyes became glassy and, to Wulsin's surprise, she plopped down and sat cross-legged, listening to the sound that bespoke of an older, more noble age.

A grin curled along the corner of Wulsin's mouth even as he played.

To some, a moment of simple magic like the one he now found himself in was beyond reach - beyond comprehension. As the urban populace of America, enslaved to the forces of Magian distortion and subsequent materialistic mundania, went about their insect-like days - so much, so much more went on in the world beyond their scope of vision.

As his melody came to a close, he slowly extracted himself from the foliage - slipping back towards the darkness of the trees - back towards his solitary workings undertaken in his role of the hermit.

He took one last look at the girl before pulling his knapsack out from between two rotted logs and leaving.

A smile played across the young woman's face; and appreciation and apprehension that was pure for the auspicious forces which the hermit had presenced.

"Aperiatur stella et germinet Mactoron" Wulsin whispered.

A few minutes after - the girl rose and proceeded out towards the lot where her automobile lie waiting beyond the forest's edge.

When she returned home from her small outing to the home of her parents, they seemed to notice a small change in her - of what sort, they could not tell. A few months after she left her home and her town. A few years later, she has become infamous.

"She rows a boat in a black pool
From her steps:
The Hermaphrodite,
the body drowned.
The Planet of Them
And the first drop
In a white desert
Into clear waters
Aktlal Maka."

-IV. Mactoron, 'Caelethi' Black Book of Satan II (ONA)

Tempel ov Blood

August 31 114yf eh

SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA

You lay down upon a shiny black leather couch. All around you is the atmosphere that you have created within the vast Victorian home that you use as the nerve-center of the Satanic Temple that you formed many, many years ago. The house was bought with money obtained via one of your international banking deals - selling several overseas businesses to an Arab developer who paid you handsomely. He paid so well, as a matter of fact, that you have for the last half-decade been living off the profits and been able to focus exclusively on workings of Aeonic Magick and personally training the next generation of Tempel adepts along with the help of Greta, your Satanic Mistress whom you encountered for the first time years ago while on a business trip in the mountains of Switzerland. Of course, all of these things: the Mistress, the business empire and it's consequent affluence came after many years of hardship and toil, and not of the sort which would be first thought in the minds of many who see the kind of person that you are now. You spent five years imprisoned after a large sedition conspiracy that the revolutionary group you were part of turned bad, and the government intervened. The best part of those five years were spent in isolation, in solitary confinement. The other parts were spent undergoing what they (the prison system) referred to as "diesel therapy" - traveling for weeks across the country in buses owned by the correctional dept., shackled and equipped with an electronic device attached to the manacles that would issue a high voltage shock at the press of a button from one of the guards.

Before your prison term and before you began to get involved with the revolutionary group which referred to themselves as "Black August", you had been a hermit: living alone deep within the Appalachian mountains of North Carolina. While living that life (which you did, for many many years) you composed several symphonies which have since been used and sold, via a fake name, to a movie company. Little did the company know (which went on to use the score on rather popular pictures) that within the music itself was sorcery, notes and movements tailor-created to effect subtle change in the psyche and spirits of the listeners. In one large metropolitan city, the murder

rates in the inner city spiked forty percent during the three weeks after the opening night of the film. Few, very few indeed realized the connection at all. Memories are now piled upon memories, and insights upon insights. As you lay upon the couch you look around you: the rich mahogany shelves lined with tomes of British bound books, bound in the finest leather and inscribed upon crisp, vellum pages. Lamps and chairs from the most reputable shops...In the corner, sitting upon a lectern the color of onyx, is an object bundled in black silk. A hint of sadness moves across your face for you know that within that black silk lies a crystal tetrahedron. The same crystal tetrahedron that was bought for you by a Satanic Mistress of decades past who, after summoning Budsturga high upon the snow-capped peaks of Colorado, became possessed and jumped from a cliff into the chasm below. You had somewhat snapped out of your own grim Acasual preoccupations only in time to go and peer over the cliff and see her body impaled gruesomely upon a bare limb of aspen - her head and naked body having been broken and bloodied upon the chaotic rock formations that are only found in the mountains outside of Denver.

As you look closely you begin to notice a faint glimmer of purplish light emanating from the silk-encased bundle. The scent within the room in which you are now lying begins to smell with the sweetness of petrichor and with a faint hint of sulphur. Far in the distance, you begin to hear the somber chanting of the Adepts deep in the woods on the border of your estate as they go about their night's work. A certain group of White Lodge Magians have been causing problems for one of the key covert members of the Tempel and the Adepts were now issuing forth from their cells beneath the mansion to enter into that secret place in the woods where the rituals of the Tempel were enacted.

As the chanting in the forest grows fainter and the sweet smell begins to increase, you begin to feel apprehensive and sense a certain kind of foreboding - like that felt by a slave before their punishment or a sweet young virgin as the evening approaches upon her wedding to a cruel, calculating member of Royalty. Slowly a form begins to materialize above you - it is female, and her form and expressions ooze a sensuality of the blackest and most sinister sort.

Like the rapid fire of a weapon, images begin to be forced into your mind, picture-shows intruding upon the casual which is slowly eroding as the power of the Dark Gods grow stronger premeditating the soon breaking of the Gates. Upon a dark English moors you see a blonde female figure grimly seated upon a rock...in her left hand she holds the severed head of a man. The

blood from the large gaping wound which compromises the area where his neck used to be drips a congealed stream of blood onto the black, muddy grounds which forms rivulets in the dirt and flows into the ditch behind the figure.

Suddenly you hear a scream issuing forth from the forest. Later you come to find out that one of the Adepts was the victim of what appeared to be a freak accident - an unseen force seeming to suddenly push him into the large bonfire in the depths of the forest.

As the Adepts begin to pull the charred corpse of their former brother out from the dying embers of the bonfire in the forest, far to the north, a different scenario entirely is taking place...

On a deserted strip of country highway in southern Vermont, Greta, the Satanic Mistress, shifts her sleek automobile into overdrive as the ending strains of Christos Beest's "Self-Immolation Rite" begins to fade out on her top of the art car stereo system. "Go forth Dark Messiah - the world is yours, destroy and create!" proclaims Beest, accompanied by a synthesized cacophony of sound that is ingrained with the spirit of the Galactic Aeon.

Greta smiles to herself and brushes away a bit of deep red hair that had fallen across her right eye. Her trip had been a success. She had been visiting one of her lovers, who also doubled as an intelligence agent for the Sinister Path who had successfully infiltrated a sector of the Magian cult which was currently operating out of a serene farm amidst the sprawling Vermont forests.

Her lover, Sarah, led several different lives at once. Or, to explicate more correctly, she had progressed sufficiently in personal and magickal aspects to be able to move with fluidity between several different arenas of operation in which she worked, tirelessly, for the cause of expanding and enacting the Sinister Dialectic.

Sarah's current job (amongst others) was that of a dominatrix in a seedy semi-metropolitan New England town. Her establishment, which was owned by the Tempel, was called "The Convent" and inhabited a simple, multi-sectioned one story home with a basement on the outskirts of town. Very few of the town residents knew what was housed in that unimposing dark oak structure. The sign which identified it as "The Convent" was a smallish, wooden engraved board which hung unobtrusively near the ironwork gate bordering the road.

Once one came into the establishment itself, many wonders of the erotic could be viewed and enacted, usually for a fee of some sort. The Convent was by and large patronized by the upper-crust elite and was known, in certain circles, worldwide. The patrons came from a diverse population, but all of them were usually either rich, and if not, they were sufficiently decadent to pay the fee required of them to gain entrance to the Convent and all it's marvelous and sadistic secrets. Sometimes, only at Greta's approval, monetary fees were waived for individuals who were earmarked as being particularly possessing of a certain kind of potential. They were divided into two categories: one being individuals who showed potentials to possibly become privy to the Sinister doctrines of the Tempel ov Blood, the others being individuals who, for one reason or another, seemed to be of correct 'calibre' to be bestowed the honor of becoming an opfer for the glory of Our Prince, Satan.

At one o'clock promptly in the afternoon, Greta had descended upon the Convent to make good a date for a meeting with Sarah that she had scheduled concerning a possible security leak within the infrastructure of the mansion temple. Sarah herself had forewarned Greta that in the last convocations of Magians that she had attended (under the disguise of one Henrietta Walpole, a school-marmish and rigid Methodist from Bedford, Massachusetts) information had come out about a certain 'operative' being involved in an investigation of the Tempel ov Blood.

Greta came to the door, immaculately dressed in a rich, gleaming leather trench-coat over a skin-tight polyurethane bodysuit. The stiletto points of her custom-made Gestapo-style boots clicked up the cobbled walkway as she approached the entrance to the Convent and rang the doorbell.

Even through the thick oak door between her and the sanctum of the Convent, Greta could hear an ominous and deep reverberation drone that came as a result of her pressing the shiny, gilded silver button just below the mail slot. It sounded more like a Far-Eastern ceremonial gong than a doorbell. Greta suppressed a smile, and looked stolidly forward awaiting the door to be opened.

Greta heard activity near the doorway and then it slid open, the warm air of a central heating system spilling out into the chilly afternoon and the sweet scent of cinnamon wafting onto the winter breeze.

Before her stood a young girl who was aged nineteen, if even that. Two short

plaited ebony braids hung on either side of her head, resting upon narrow, petite shoulders. "Welcome to the Convent, Mistress Greta" the young girl spoke, looking humbly down at the tips of her clunky brown Oxfords.

Greta crossed her arms across her ample breasts and her eyes narrowed dangerously. "Well, don't just stand there letting in the cold!". Greta took the youngster by her small shoulders and spun her around, marching her forward with her own person following precariously close behind.

The girl marched forward obediently and Greta closed the door behind her as she herself entered, automatically turning a heavy industrial-sized deadbolt as she did so. The inside of the Convent hallway was just as she had remembered it. It had been more than several months since her last visit in person, although she regularly descended her astral to this place during the secret Satanic rites which were performed in a ritual chamber deep in the basement, closed off and hidden from the rest of the basement interior which was used for various 'dungeon purposes'...

The hallway was pleasantly lit, bright enough to read a book but not bright enough to mistake this place as a hospital or some other kind of lesser physical center. The glow from the expensive French overhead lights cast a comforting gleam, which made one's mind drift to visions of the homely houses of the Welsh countryside. The light gleamed with sinister tint upon the finely polished reddish-wood walls.

The girl who had opened the door, stood with her back to the wall ten feet or so from the entrance. Greta approached and began to appraise her carefully. There was no one else present in this hallway and adjoining lobby, and no other sound could be heard from the inside rooms as the Convent was carefully sound-proofed room by room.

The girl with the ebony braids was small and petite, she looked to be perhaps eighteen or nineteen in mortal years and stood no more than five foot two inches tall. She had thin, cruel lips, slightly red but even still they stood in sharp contrast to her pale skin which was beginning to blush under Greta's careful gaze.

"Cast your eyes upon me, young lady" Greta stated with undeniable force but still in a kind tone. The younger girl complied, and looked up into Greta's eyes

with large, sky blue eyes of her own - which were muscled into a look of childish timidity.

Greta moved in on the girl and stood less than an inch away, her leather and rubber encased breasts just a few centimeters away from the young girl's face. With one leather-gloved hand, Greta reached out and touched the girl's lower thigh and began to slowly run her hand upward and up underneath the hem of the girl's very short dark brown pleated school-girl's skirt. As Greta's gloved hand continued upward and grasped the flesh of the young girl's bottom, she squeezed and the young girl let out a surprised cry.

"Tell me your name girl" said Greta, still grasping the girl's bottom, inadvertently raising the right side of the girl's skirt revealing soft white thighs and knickers the same color of the schoolgirl uniform, which showed nicely the curve of the girl's youthful pudenda.

"Mary, my name is Mary Mistre...."

Mary's dialogue was cut off as Greta's other hand which had been hitherto unoccupied whipped up and smacked Mary on the side of the mouth. "Simple answers, for simple creatures such as you my dear" the Satanic Mistress intoned, bending over and planting a soft, lingering kiss upon Mary's forehead as her right hand continued to massage Mary's buttock and her left hand pushed tightly upon Mary's shoulder, pinning her against the wall.

Greta abruptly stepped away, looking with a gaze that well elucidated her previous military training, towards the narrow passageway that led into the inner part of the lobby, "Come with me" Greta intoned and began walking briskly towards the lobby area.

The lobby was equipped with several large comfortable leather chairs and couches and pocked with low dark coffee tables upon which sat several crystal decanters of whiskey and a few large, brown-glass ashtrays.

Greta grasped one of the decanters and without bothering to pour herself a glass in the proper manner, simply pops off the top and takes a goodly slug, licking her lips as she re-lids the container and sets it carefully back upon the table.

Greta turns towards Mary. "Now listen to me, sweet little Mary..." Mary shudders slightly as those words come out. "I am getting ready to attend a business meeting, in fact, I am about to attend a meeting regarding something which you yourself have been wishing access to for many months now..."

"The Tempel" responds Mary.

"That's right Mary, the Tempel! Yet, we must not speak about the Tempel to anyone else and we must seldom mention it in this place especially at certain times, what is the key to respecting the ways of the Tempel Mary?"

"We must keep them - sub rosa" Mary states, with some small satisfaction.

"That's right!' Greta exclaims with an enthusiasm which would seem startling in it's happy inflection compared to her earlier mistress-role intonations to Mary. "We must keep all of these things, strictly and without question, sub rosa...."

Mary gazes downward again seeming to study the tips of her brown Oxfords. Upon her face is a pleasant, pleased gaze of one who has managed to answer correctly even under pressure of certain...chastisements if you will, that Greta was oft imposing upon her.

Greta steps closer and pats one gloved hand lovingly upon Mary's head. "You've been a very good girl Mary, a very good girl indeed..." Mary blushes deeply as Greta continues. "Now Mary, what can I do to reward you for your very high and glowing intelligence?". Mary's face now resembles the color of a radish.

"Could I have a copy of... the Elizabeth Bathory book?"

Greta stands, appraising Mary with some pleasure.

"Mary, I tell you what, you wait for me - in the gym, and I will see what I can do. But for now dear girl, I must be pressing on, I do have a meeting to attend as you will know."

"Yes Mistress, certainly" says Mary as she shuffles with clumsy speed towards the door which leads into the inner complex of Convent hallways to open it for Greta.

Greta moves past her wordlessly and into the inner hall, listening to the audible click of the door closing behind her. Greta pauses, and as a second thought, turns and clicks a lock shut behind her before continuing her journey towards Sarah's inevitable whereabouts.

She walks silently through the hall, the only sound to be heard is the click of her own stiletto heels as they hit the hardwood floor. They really must get some carpeting put into this place, thinks Greta.

Every few feet on both sides of her, is another new door. The doors are unobtrusive and covert, except for the small black and silver-gilded signs which are mounted near the top which identifies them.

She passes a door which says "The Schoolroom". Greta grins. Many fond memories in that inner sanctum to be sure. She reads them off to herself mentally as she passes them, remembering exactly which is which and where along the hall they are situated. Greta is no stranger to the Convent.

"The Stable", "Far East", "English Study", "The Bedroom", "British Kitchen".... No, and again no, simply seeing the titles of the rooms gives few clues at all to the variegated sadism which takes place within each and every one of them.

Greta nears the end of the main hallway, which sections off into a t-shaped junction which proceeds either way to the left or right. Greta goes right, and marches down another deserted hallway, this one more dimly lit than the one which she had just traversed.

As she proceeds further down the hallway, a feeling of growing ominous darkness begins to grip her. It is startling for Greta, as it is quite unexpected, yet at the same time not. She feels her chest constrict and images begin pouring in her mind from some hidden and demonic angle housed within the astral infrastructure of the Convent. She sees in her mind's eye a young man, a Satanist, speeding down a dark country road in Vermont. He is fleeting from something. Greta shifts her astral vision, and sees that this Satanist is near the Magian farm and behind his motorcycle are several white sport utility vehicles, gaining ever closer to the back of the motorcycle.

A dark tinted window on one of the suv's descends and from the opening

sticks the muzzle, equipped with a deadly flash suppressor, of a fully automatic MAC-10 machine pistol. There is a rapid blaze of dim light and suddenly the motorcycle rides forward without a rider, teetering viciously and then crashing altogether, hitting a hardwood tree, it's body mangled but it's engine continuing to run.

The white suv's screech to a halt at various angles and from their doors jump several men and women. The men and women both have pensive, rodent-like eyes and their bodies are paunchy and soft, bred and raised on a life of, no doubt, posh metropolitan luxury in New York City or Jerusalem or Boston. One of the women run towards a red splatter on the ground. The other figures move in as well.

There, against the edge of the ditch, lies a figure in a motorcycle suit. The suit has been ripped and torn from the barrage of automatic machine gun fire and blood issues forth from gaping wounds like a flood torrent. One of the women reaches down and with some difficulty manages to pull the helmet off the motorcycle's previous rider.

The vision abruptly vanishes and Greta remembers the words spoken to her long ago: never love anything so much that you cannot see it die. The thought fills her mind with a certain kind of loneliness and sadness, and as she looks around the hallway of the Convent she knows that this too, shall pass. Thousands of years from now, the area upon which she now traverses in her workings as a Satanic Mistress of the Tempel may be nought but charred landscape; full of radiation and frozen grins of death as a result of a large nuclear war.

She has now reached the end of the hallway and before her lies a door which is only marked with the roman numeral for the number nine. She knocks twice, in close succession, and then hears movement on the other side.

A small grate opens, revealing a thick wire mesh through which spoken word may be heard but no vision of the person inside given. A male voice speaks: "Satan...." Greta responds: "Whose word is chaos...". The voice speaks again: "His is the kingdom...". Greta responds: "for aeons... and aeons...".

The grate abruptly snaps closed, and through the thick wood of the door Greta begins to hear deadbolts being thrown back and chains and other locks

being loosened from the door. The door swings inward and before her stands a large, muscular figure with a full auburn beard that flows down almost to the figure's waist.

"Mistress Greta!" the voice intones happily, as the man waves his hand and steps aside for Greta to enter. "Thank you very much Ranulf, and how is everything going for you as of recently?"

"Lovely Mistress, simply lovely...Care for a cup of tea? A cup of coffee? A cup of something stronger perhaps?" The figure of Ranulf grins through his thick beard.

Greta reaches up and seductively massages one of Ranulf's massive shoulders... "No time dear sir, no time...." she speaks as she lingers on his shoulder for a second more before withdrawing. "I, as a matter of fact, had a nice sip of whiskey in the foyer while talking to your little pet Mary!". Greta chuckles.

"My little pet you say? Nay, I must deny that accusation my dear Mistress! She is but a young eighteen, and I of course, am advanced in years...For even this year, I reach the venerable old age of forty-five..."

"Oh pish-posh Ranulf", Greta shakes her head in amusement. "I myself know from a bit of, how should we term it, remote viewing? That just a few days ago, you yourself took dear little Mary quite viciously indeed after you birched her within an inch of her pitiful life, then proceeding to manacle her to a beer barrel and bugger once, twice, or was it?"

Ranulf clears his throat. "Now then, that's quite enough about that!". He laughs heartily with good nature, and not a little pleasure over his sudden remembrance of amorous (is that the proper term really?) encounters with young Mary Collins. "I'll be leading you down into the ritual chamber, per Sarah's express request, of course..."

"Of course" says Greta, still grinning.

Greta steps forward and Ranulf comes up behind her, removing the trenchcoat from Greta's body and hanging it upon a rough wooden peg just inside the door.

Greta's body is sensual and immaculate in it's skin-tight sheath of black, gleaming polyurethane rubber. Every movement produces a shimmer and reflection of the dim lights of the sanctum, and Ranulf looks lustingly over her ample breasts, long Swiss mountain-climbing legs and muscular buttocks.

Ranulf expertly reaches into a closet just s few steps away from the coat rack, removing a bundle of soft yet coarse fabric of the blackest hue, handing it to Greta's outstretched and waiting hands.

Greta pulls the robe over her body and lets it settle comfortably upon her lithe frame. It is completely black, excepting a dark grey sigil embroidered upon the left breast which is the sigil of the Tempel ov Blood accompanied by the word "NIGHTMARE" which is prominent in red, written in archaic old english script.

Ranulf and Greta proceed wordlessly to a trap door, and descend the hidden staircase which leads deep into the basement and the secret basement underneath the conventional basement which houses the ritual chamber and rooms used for only the most royal of Convent customers.

Ranulf accompanies her down the stairs and part way into one of the dank, musty tunnels of the sub-basement and then retreats down a separate, barely visible passageway to his left. Greta continues and steps into the ritual chamber, where Sarah and perhaps some others as well await her.

She steps into the dim purplish glow of the chamber. The chamber is shaped like an octagon, bereft of any furniture whatsoever except a lectern in the middle of the room upon which sits a tetrahedron, smaller than the one the Tempel houses at the mansion, but still filled with a goodly amount of Sinister power, infused by and by via the Satanic workings of the Convent inner circle, who are referred to as "NIGHTMARE" - the christened name of their clutch of the Tempel ov Blood.

Sitting against the wall in the corner is Sarah, a intense and brooding female figure with a shaved head and a beautiful body, fully revealed as she is clothed in nothing but the sparse leather-thong regalia of a 'Satan's slave' outfit; her breasts are fully exposed and menstrual blood seeps from the tight constriction of her tight leather panties, which is but a thong in the back as to fully expose a beautifully rounded and pert derriere.

Laying in her lap is the quivering body of what appears to be a man, yet the proportions of the figure are so inhuman that Greta wonders exactly what he is.

He is pale, so pale in fact that his skin has taken on a bluish tinge. Thick veins are visible all over his body, and the skin around his face and eyes have become near translucent. He is emaciated almost to the degree of a concentration camp victim, all of his ribs glaringly visible and his hipbones jutting painfully out above his pencil thin legs.

The flesh of his chest, right above the heart, has been engraved with the fine edge of a razor blade with the sigil of the Tempel. The figure's eyes roll back in his head and from his mouth issue the words of the "Dies Irae" chant in quickening and harsh whispers.

"Hello, Greta."

Sarah speaks with what seems to be an infinite sadness, which is only magnified by her surprisingly throaty, baritone voice. Such is the result of partly genetics, partly unending cigarette and moonshine binges and partly due to Sarah having been a coal miner for years and years deep within the backwoods hills of lower Kentucky.

Greta removes her gloves carefully, attaching them to a latch on her thick leather belt which encircles her wasp-thin waist. She raises her left hand, making the sign of the horns.,,

"Agios O Vindex Est Venturus!"

"Praise be to our dark prince Satan!" Sarah intones deeply in response. Her working-girl's hands cradle the emaciated figure resting in her lap and rub against the still-wet wound of the Tempel sigil which had been carved into his chest.

Greta smiles and stares down at Sarah and the man, who she now recognizes to be an opfer. With piercing eyes she analyzes the man's wound in the darkness...ahhh...the cut is fresh! Greta squats down onto the cold stone floor of the temple and crawls on her hands and knees, in animal fashion, towards where Sarah and her fortunate victim are resting.

Sarah bends her shaven head, softly whispering sweet words of deceit into the ears of the opfer. He looks up expectantly, ceasing his chanting, then closes his eyes slowly and drifts off into a sorcery-induced stupor.

Without looking up towards Greta, Sarah begins to speak... "So before you, dear Mistress, lies the weak link in the chain of Magian information. I kidnapped this fellow, named Robert Samuel, only three weeks ago. As you can see, the three weeks have not been easy on him..." As a flourish to her statement, Sarah lifts up Samuel's filthy loincloth. Greta can see instantly that the poor soul had been castrated, no doubt with Sarah's own ceremonial razor, and that the wound was festering - becoming dark and gangrenous.

"It took some time before he was willing to talk..." Sarah continues. "First we tried it the nice way, that is to say, he was offered various gifts - a period of enjoying my own body not the least of the pleasures with great respect he was offered... "However, his insidious Nazarene brainwashing held, he continued hurling phrases like "whore of Babylon" at me which he somehow felt would be vexing to my person, of course, they were only compliments after all..."

Sarah trails off, looking up at Greta and smiling. Greta smiles back in kind. When she first met Sarah, when Sarah was coal mining deep in the Kentucky hills, such educated language would have never been heard emanating from her mouth. Now, Sarah spoke with the fluency and authority of a baroness - and she was, after all, one of the most sought after dominatrixes in all of New England - and an External Adept to boot.

"To make a long story short Mistress Greta, both myself and Ranulf and a few other members of Nightmare were forced to take more, how should I say, more severe measures which were of course absolutely necessary to enact. Soon after his castration and at the beginning of his first or second electrocution, he began to talk quite quickly about who exactly was the informant inside of the mansion Tempel..."

Greta stares into Sarah's eyes intently - instantly receiving the knowledge of the traitor via telepathic communication.

"Let our work begin then, Sarah" Greta intones.

Sarah stands, letting the limb body of the opfer drop painfully onto the cold

stone floor.

Greta suddenly leaps unto the emaciated figure, obscuring the skeletal figure in her black Nightmare cloak. Her head descends with a snap and she buries her teeth, which have been filed into very sharp points, into the neck of the figure. Blood spurts in great crimson floods, flowing into Greta's mouth and spilling onto the neckline of her polyurethane suit.

At that very moment, the knowledge which she had sought in her intelligence mission is solidified with great clarity in her mind even as the blood continues to gush into her mouth, much of it now spilling onto the floor and forming a blackish-crimson pool which sends gory rivulets trickling off towards the lectern in the center of the room.

The tetrahedron upon the lectern begins to pulse with increasingly dark and sinister lights of purple and black. Sarah now leaps about the room, uttering hoarse cries of exaltation to Noctulius, the patron of her temple.

Greta breaks away from the opfer, rising in a jerky, ghastly fashion to her feet, standing now at her full and regal height. Her eyes stare forward, dead and void of any and all mercy that could have once been seen upon them. Caustic gurgling noises issue forth from the gaping wound in the neck of the opfer as his breathing continues to become slower and more labored.

Greta's mouth and neck are covered in opfer blood, glistening with luster in the faded glow of the tetrahedron's power. She speaks...

"I have been satiated, for now, by the blood of this mortal. Great visions have I seen Sarah, of the Final Harvest which shall soon envelope this pitiful land. That great Final Harvest, that Day of Wrath when our Prince, Satan, the Master of Awe and Derision shall come forth from the outer gates and change all that we see now into ash.

Call the dwarves to medicate this opfer and keep him alive until the twilight hour. He will be kept alive until the first chanting of the Sanctus Satanas begins by the Nightmare chorus, and then he shall be left alone, in the temple. He will die at the appointed time, I have ingrained him with a time-release death which shall enact very soon.

Until then, let us go into your chambers Sarah, we have much to talk about..."

Sarah smiles, ear to ear, laughing like a demon from the very pits of hell and then turns, Greta following close behind her.

QUESTION AND ANSWER: What is the method of 'time-release death' that Mistress Greta speaks of during the story? Who is the informant for the Magians at the Sinister temple housed at the mansion? What role was he playing as an informant and how did he die? What was the outward cause of his death and what technique did Greta employ to enact such?

What is the 'Elizabeth Bathory book' that Mary Collins requested from Mistress Greta? Can you explain why the torture of Samuel's was beneficial for both Nightmare and the intelligence mission of Sarah and Greta?

Answer these questions and write down your answer before continuing. After you have finished writing down your answers, perform the meditation below and then continue reading.

Ritual 333/88/333

Seat yourself in a dark room where there is a mirror. Stare absently into the mirror, imagining dark astral filaments from beyond the outer gates intruding into the casual via the mirror and entering into your body. As these filaments begin to enter you, intruding upon your psyche and possessing your body, chant the "Sanctus Satanas":

'SANCTUS SATANAS SANCTUS, DOMINUS DIABOLUS SABAOTH! SATANAS - VENIRE! SATANAS - VENIRE! AVE SATANAS, AVE SATANAS! TUI SUNT CAELI, TUA EST TERRA - AVE SATANAS!'

At the very moment that the dwarves at the Convent withdrew their life support from Samuel, hundreds of miles away at the mansion a dark nebulous shape pushed one of the Adepts into the fire deep in the woods beside the mansion which the Master and his Satanic Mistress, Greta, dwelled and operated their Satanic temple.

The Adept which died, and was now but black charred remains, was an undercover intelligence agent for the White Lodge which had been targeting

the mansion from their operative base in the woods of Vermont, at the place known to the Wiccans and Christians as simply "the farm". As the genuine Adepts pulled the charred body from the dying embers of the fire, they saw embedded into the black burnt chest a glimmering of silver.

Upon closer study they became aware that the silver was the melted remnants of a crucifix symbol used by the White Lodge. The Master was informed, disturbed earlier by the scream which reverberated across the estate as the traitor was flung into the fire by unseen astral hands.

The ashes were ground with mortor and pestel by a rotating group of temple members who silently mouthed the words of the "Death Rite" as they ground the Magian's remains into a fine, black powder. The Master stood over them, his initiate's ring pointed towards the Adepts as they worked - infusing the rite with Sinister power gleaned from years of toil upon the dark and dangerous road of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path.

Several weeks later, at 'the farm' in Vermont, a little girl of seven years of age went out early in the morning to begin the daily chores of milking the cows and bringing in the chicken eggs to the commune cook before breakfast preparations began. Soon after she left the door, she began to giggle frantically. It was snowing!

Thousands upon thousands of black specks descended upon the farm in a blizzard-like torrent. As they began touching down on the ground the little girl began to cough. The snow was not cold, as a matter of fact, the snow was black as coal, and left dusty stains upon her coat and stung her nostrils and lungs.

She did not return from the door which she left, but instead ran into the converted barn that served as a sanctuary and meditation room for elders of the cult.

She burst through the door with a start, setting off the string of chimes like an alarm which hung upon the large, wooden framed entrance.

"Father Wolf! Father Wolf! Come quick! It's snowing! It's snowing!"

The elderly jew looked up from his meditation, smiling with a mixture of

admiration and annoyance - the little girl was cute, and her blood would be quite suitable to put into the batch of motzah balls he would prepare at the end of the year, but she did disturb his meditation after all.

"Now Cindy...whatever is this fuss about! Of course it may be snowing, it is winter in Vermont after all!". It was only fall, but the old jew felt like he had ample reason to take some creative license with his statements to children such as these..

"Father Wolf, the snow is black!"

A dark shadow passed over the old jew's face. He rose painfully and brushed past the girl onto the lawn outside of the sanctuary. Now, all of the ground and the buildings were covered in a thick black soot.

"Ashes....Ashes...."

AZANIGIN

A TALE OF THE BLOOD

The following text is in dedication to and for the benefit of the Tempel ov Blood and those throughout America and the world who are traversing the dark, Sinister Path.

May the night winds of the north guide you towards the Final Harvest and an immaculate holocaust.

AGIOS O AZANIGIN!

Czar Azag-Kala, July 31st

114YF Era Horrificus

Tempel ov Blood

'I tremble in memory of a time when demons walked the earth, the various examples of their cookery billowing in the wind.
But now, heads roll past my feet, encased in pastries! ...
The Gates are aligned!
They are returning!
Now is chaos...'

- C.B./O.N.A./S.I.R

AZANIGIN PT. I

DARK NIGHT OF THE SOUL

"Code Red, Code Red! We have a perimeter breach in sector four. Stephens. I repeat, code red!" The voice with the midwestern accent boomed with an inhuman, electric lilt over the loudspeakers. Odd alarm bells sounded and red strobes began flashing throughout the lifeless, clinical white hallways. Burly men in white coats darted to and fro, shining flashlights down corridors, inside locked cell windows and elsewhere.

Stephens sat, undiscovered in a dark, unlit corner of a janitor's closet in abandoned sector Five. He could not remember how long he had been imprisoned inside Selven Institute. Had it been weeks? Months? Years? He did not know. He didn't even remember how, when or why he had ended up at Selven. He knew the name only because it emblazoned the side wall of the exercise yard he was permitted to use once a day, along with his fellow patients. The others who shared his plight in this place were of no help to him in providing relevant information. He has asked other patients in what town and province they were located, but his queries were met only with blank stares. The staff were hostile - they consisted of grotesque, barbaric quadroon with Islander accents and gibbering, greasy shylocks; the former being the orderlies and the latter being the hack "doctors" and "counselors". The orderlies were not worthy of directing discourse towards - they spent their time alternately abusing the female invalids or making cacophonous racket with their uncivilized, pernicious accents and their vulgar, niggardly ways.

When he attempted to parley with the jewish doctors for information regarding his whereabouts or situation, they smiled placidly and informed him in a condescending manner that "Such is not part of your treatment plan" before ringing the buzzer which brought in the two ape orderlies who would brusquely usher him out of the office. His memory only consisted of brief snippets of persons and events, even these were garbled, and seemingly unconnected. The mind-numbing monotony of the place coupled with the involuntary injections of experimental chemical tinctures which were administered to him each

morning did not aid his task of realistically determining his situation. The memories he did have were of a dream-like quality, contrast as they were with the "total reality" of the institution. He remembered a girl standing upon a narrow walking bridge deep in a hardwood forest. The girl laughed as she poured ashes into the autumn air, watching them float downward and dissolve in the churning stream waters beneath. Cloistered in dark trees to the left, beyond the bridge, a robed figure chanted in droning intonations as the female continued to whimsically perform her mysterious task. Another time he remembered crossing the border into the United States, driving up along the Michigan thumb and then west towards Saginaw. He remembered the drive vividly: he had been alone, accompanied only by the sounds of Eckart's concerto in B minor issuing forth from his car stereo and the dark expanses of Lake Huron which beckoned to him from out the passenger side window. He remembered arriving in the city of Saginaw at night and meeting two grim, sinister men in an abandoned parking lot from which could be seen a silo in the distance. After leaving his car and entering the men's vehicle they set off on a lengthy drive. The driver circled aimlessly around city blocks and sometimes took a ramp on the freeway, only to be back at a spot which they had already been to a half- hour before. The last hour of the journey he rode blindfolded, crouched in fetal position on the backseat before being stood erect and led out of the car, up a flight of steps and into a building. Once inside, the blindfold was removed. Before him sat three figures seated around a circular, kitchenette-style table. Behind them was a large bay window, from which the soft glow of pre-sunrise emanated. He had been riding around with the men for near an entire night. The man seated upon the right side of the table wore a thick beard and wore the clothes of an outlaw biker. He looked to be in his early thirties, though there were streaks of white in his hair and dark circles under his eyes. Despite his ruffian vestments, the clothes and look seemed to be affected - almost like a disguise.

In the centre sat a man of charisma - younger than the other fellow, but probably not by much. His vestments were soot black, and a silver necklace bearing a disturbing amulet rested upon his chest. Although the man was by all means well-dressed and of an affluent appearance, there was something harrowing about his aura. Stephens remembered that, during the colloquy that followed, he was never able to look into the face of the black clad figure for more than a few seconds at a time.

To the left was a seated female. For all practical purposes she appeared to be

morally wholesome and, furthermore, quite attractive. Yet, there was a strange, abnormal emaciation to her - her eyes seemed to dart to and fro, exuding a deranged dominance and a masochism towards vague, nameless forces simultaneously. Upon her lap sat a grey cat, which purred contentedly as the female absently stroked the creature's fur.

He recalled that there had been little verbal discussion then, as the sun slowly rose in the east. The woman hummed strange tunes and the bearded chap sat as if entranced, smoking countless numbers of cigarettes.

The black clad figure in the centre sat, simply gazing forwards incessantly. Stephen's stared down at his humble shoes - better that than submitting himself to looking towards the person, who he now knew must be the Master.

They occupied that schedule for many hours, long after the sun had rose and began it's noonward course. The bearded chap smoked in silence. The female hummed. The cat purred. The Master stared. Stephens was never offered to sit and join them and, he was not inclined to start any sort of conversation given the menacing, eldritch currents which he perceived to be emanating from the triumvirate.

All at once, the cat jumped from the woman's lap and rubbed against Stephens' leg mewing thrice as it was. The two men left the table and exited quickly. After the feline scampered after them, the woman ceased her humming; turning towards Stephens and beckoning him towards her. As he walked closer she rose; beginning to run her hands across his back and kissing him passionately. She led him towards the living room and then flung him upon the ground. She stripped off her rather old-fashioned clothes and then attacked: ripping off his trousers and then entering onto him, straddled. She began bucking ruthlessly, molesting him, hissing and uttering oaths as her fists pummeled his chest and her cleft brought him closer and closer to climax.

Near the end of the amorous adventure, the woman began shouting the word "AZANIGIN" at the top of her lungs, over and over again. She stared down Stephens with wild eyes, the uncontrollable mood of the berserker. After that, his memory started to blur. He remembered the men returning and bringing him take-out food, treating him as if he was a dear friend they had known for many years. He recalled seeing the bearded fellow slice open his own chest, letting the blood drip into a pewter mug. Stephens remembers being forced to

drink that blood, and after that only chaos and calamity followed.....

After he returned to Canada, alone by way of Port Huron a constant dread filled his days and nights. Physical sickness broke his health and contorted his features. He worked for days on end, towards goals so terrible he desired not to recall them. Whenever nervousness would overtake him and start to bring about fatigue and total mental and physical collapse, the image of the woman and her songs would visit him at night - reassuring him. After such nocturnal episodes he would approach his tasks with renewed vigor, knowing that his deeds would be pleasing to the Mistress.

His last memories before Selven were chaotic - the feel of the concussion of high explosives, a red, harvest moon, a military installment deep in the northern territories, the sigil of Azanigin drawn in blood....

And now he crouched in the blackness, the alarm bells screeching through the long corridors - the pulsing red lights trickling in from the slats on the door.

A shadowy image materialized before him. The Master! The holographic form uttered one word: "Come!". He burst forth from the closet as the image dematerialized, armed with a broken broom handle and a bottle of acid. The next day the escape made the papers all over Canada. Weeks, then months passed. Stephens was nowhere to be found.

July 27th, 114yf eh
Czar Azag-Kala
Tempel ov Blood

AZANIGIN PT.2

THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY

Deep within a forest in the southern United States, a young boy of seven years sat intently watching the smouldering embers of a huge bonfire. The curling smoke blocked out the twilight sky and traversed down the slopes of the gentle hills upon which many paths had been hewn. Women with very long, lorelei: hair and bearded men in stained leather jerkins and moccasins moved amongst the forest. They were silent - listening to the funeral beat of the tabor and the single cantor chanting the "Diabolus" in the traditional meter. They were watching, ever watching. Their eyes were upon the boy. He pretended not to notice, pretending that he was simply captivated by the burning embers. He knew, however...He knew who he was and what he was. And staring into the last dying flames of the fire, he was aware of what was transpiring in the wide world, beyond the wood. He saw a man, curled up inside the trunk of a small Asian-made car as it passed the border from Canada into Buffalo, New York.

The man was wearing stained, white shirt and trousers - the vestments of a medical prisoner. The boy smiled, staring absently into the fire.

The man had been on the run now for several days, and the mind-numbing effects of his involuntary medication had begun to wear off. He remembered why he had been institutionalized - for breaking into a Canadian Intelligence Agency farm deep in the Yukon territory. When interrogated, he had told the authorities exactly what he had been up to. Being human and afflicted with the common Magian fault of gross short-sightedness, they did not believe him. Furthermore, they thought he was "crazy" and had sent him to Selven without much ado.

Now, he was loose. The boy's smile grew wider. All was beginning to come together. The Sinister seeds which had been planted years ago were now beginning to bear their fearsome fruit. Elsewhere in the world, civil war, terrorism, plague, and famine were turning the earth towards it's terminal stage. At the Acasual gate near Saturn, the entities who are not to be named

strained at the door of their prison. They, too, would soon break free. And then, then would come true solvet saclum in favilla. Twilight had ended and true, black, country dark was now upon the rural community in which the boy dwelt. The men and women drew closer, all round him.

The burly men dragged a naked girl of nineteen towards the fire, stopping to strap her face down and spread-eagled to a large circular wheel upon which was etched all the sigils of the Dark Gods.

A young girl clad in crimson robes approached the boy from the east. She was small, only eight years old herself, yet her eyes shone with a preternatural intelligence that was far beyond her years. She smiled, kissing the boy on the cheek and handing him a thick, braided whip.

An ancient hag began turning a crank which, in turn, set the wheel in motion. Visions of explosions and horror filled the boy's mind. At each intermittent beat of the tabor, the boy struck out with his whip. The screams of the teenager filled the night sky, drifting into the ethers. The congregants began dancing widdershins around the torture shouting...

"Azanigin...Azanigin..."

AZANIGIN PT.3

A CLANDESTINE BURNING

"Illuminated children, ride the north wind towards my secrets! Moriah! Moriah, Moriah! The conquering and destroying night wind! Blow through the ruins of this nazarene church which has been immolated for Our Dark Prince! Scatter ashes of the earth which has been scorched for thy pleasure!"

The gathered congregants hissed the name of the Master as a hot breeze whispered through the trees, reigniting the embers still smoldering on the charred wood which used to be the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle. The Mistress, dressed in a hunting suit of green camouflage, snapped her fingers at two congregants who quickly came to her side. The other congregants slowly withdrew, melting into the woodlands of a southern pre-dawn. Having received their instructions from the Mistress, the two remaining congregants walked towards the burnt husk of an inverted cross which stood in the graveyard adjoining the church grounds. Grunting, the two men lifted the cross and flipped it to upright position before reinserting it back into the earthen hole.

Then, they too drifted into the forest with the rest of the congregants - walking upon well-memorized paths to their waiting vehicles located at a hunting cabin only half a mile through the forested acreage on the left side of the former church. Utter silence permeated the morning, the tread of the retreating Satanists were quiet and steady, and the mistress gazed at her handiwork before withdrawing into the forest herself.

"Azanigin, Azanigin, Agios O Azanigin!" she softly spoke. A faint smile came upon her lips as she turned her back on the incinerated scene and walked into the copse of pines which stood beckoning before her.

* * * * *

"Breaking news at five o'clock!"

The jingoistic sounds of the evening news broadcast filtered into the kitchen where Kathleen, a plump southern woman of thirty-five years busily stirred her biscuit dough in premeditation of her husband's arrival at six o'clock. Her husband was an officer of the Mississippi State Police, and was not one who liked to be kept waiting when it came time for supper.

"This morning in the outskirts of Meridian, the elderly pastor of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle drove to his church only to find it reduced to ash! A charred cross was found in the adjoining cemetery which echoes the reverend's suspicions that the arson was the work of a militant Ku Klux Klan faction that has been operating in the area since late last year."

Kathleen continued to stir, staring absently into the swirling batter. She peered out the window, still summer bright. A buzzard flew down from one of the backyard pines and started picking at the corpse of a half-eaten rabbit situated by the back by the beginning of the woods. Kathleen smiled to herself. Just at that moment, her little tabby kitten, Nythra, came slinking through the doggie-door. Nythra's mouth was reddened with blood from the now deceased coney.

"Oh you silly little cat!"

Kathleen looked down lovingly at the feline, who purred and licked her lips.

Suddenly Kathleen noticed that there was a bit of blackish liquid in the dough. Flummoxed, she peered closer. As she did, a few drops of ash fell from her hair onto the formica kitchen counter.

"Mental note to self - must wash hair before Ryan comes home." She scooped the offending batter out of the dish and grabbed a rubber band from the windowsill tying her luxurious mane into a quick ponytail.

* * * * *

Peter Saunders, more commonly known to his friends as 'P. Ugly' , roughly scraped his scalp with the military brush, sending nappy little black springs showering down onto the dilapidated food-stained couch.

"Goddamn honkey cracker trash!"

Peter threw his brush at the wall, which simply dropped to the floor with an anticlimactic thud. Peter had been in a very bad mood all day long. He was never a religious man except in his younger years, and even then that was forced. He had no time for the white man's religion or the white man's bible. His father, on the other hand, was the pastor of the little Meridian chapel which had been burned to the ground, apparently by the Klan, sometime last night.

Painful crawling sensations went up Peter's arm. He shivered, breaking out into a cold sweat. No goddamn money, no goddamn crack in town tonight, and some muther fucking honkey cracker burned down the only real black church in the area.

Saunders reached into his gym bag and took out his shiny MAC-11 fully automatic nine mil. machine pistol. That brought a smile back to his face.

Enough is enough! There are enough crackers running around thinking that Mississippi was still a backwards southern province where niggers could be mistreated anytime they took a liking to do so. Talk never gets the job done, it was time for a little payback.

He grabbed his pack of Newport menthols and shoved his gun into his oversized Raiders jacket before heading out to the pathetically small section of town that passed as 'inner city'.

He knew one thing - a white man was going to die tonight!

"Sho' nuff!"

With that, he headed out the door, locking it behind him.

* * * * *

Kathleen's husband Ryan burped loudly before setting down his beer and reaching into his uniform pocket to withdraw a Pall Mall, which he promptly lighted with a big, tacky fireplace lighter. He didn't really know why he liked using the ultra-flame instead of a more conventional lighter, shit, he just liked

fire was all!

Ryan took a long draw, exhaling through his nostrils before tapping his first ash into an equally tacky 'Dukes of Hazzard' ashtray before beginning his evening lecture. Hating to spoil the moment, Kathleen flitted her eyes in a feigned exhibition of feminine expectancy before Ryan began his spill about his day at the barracks.

"How was work honey?"

"Well baby doll, I weren't at the barracks, no ma'am. We had a situation on our hands all day today and prob'ly will all tamarra to boot. Some crazy Klansmen done went and burnt down the nigger church out on Maple Shade Road. That's gonna cause all sorts of hell and tarnation, you bet on it sweet cheeks."

Kathleen feigned shock and began to carefully phrase her next question.

"How did you find out it was the Klan honey?"

Ryan stubbed out his Pall Mall before picking up the ultraflame to light another one.

"Oh hell baby, we know who dunnit. We got a big burnt up cross in the old Simon's cemetery - a black cemetery, Simon's is. It's probably those boys who rolled in from Alabama and set up shop last year. The Militant White Knights as they call themselves. I hate to go after those fellas, but they are crazier than a rabid coon and shit, I'll get a hefty pay raise if I catch some Kluxers - you know how the pretty biddies down at Channel Five are all the time wanting to bust down on the Klan in these parts."

"Yes honey, I know..."

* * * * *

That same night, Harvey Goldberg stood at the speaker's lectern at the Community Town Center in inner city Meridian. Goldberg wasn't his real name, he was actually a Sicilian. However, he had learned that while participating in his current insight role as a "Communist agitator" , the illusion of being

jewish helped endear him that much more to the local black community.

With a flourish he unclasped his hand and let a rivulet of ash fall down into the basket which had been strategically placed in front of the lectern for just the purpose.

"ASHES! ASHES!"

He shouted with feigned vehemence before whirling behind the speaker's podium and in front of the microphone.

"This my brothers and sisters.." (that proclamation itself was greeted with a smattering of "yes brother" and "fight the power" from the illiterate crowd of human chattel which sat, spellbound, before his oratory).

"This is a sign of HATRED which has engulfed the state of Mississippi for far too long! This is the HATRED that must be utterly razed and destroyed if we are to live as a socialist democracy as prophecied by Karl Marx. As prophecied by Martin Luther King..."

As soon as the last syllable came out of his mouth, shouts of awe and afro glory burst forth from the audience with a hysteria akin to a college football game. The small black stone embedded in the sleek silver ring on Goldberg's left hand seemed to twinkle in the light as he smiled.

"And we know brothers that the racists, the capitalists that they are, are NOT going to give up peacefully! We must take to the streets! We must drag them from their homes! To protect the sovereignty our ideals promulgate, we must destroy their security in outmoded racist ways! Tomorrow... we march!"

* * * * *

"Hello, it's five o'clock on the hour".

Old man Calhoun sat in his god awful summer-hot lawnmower repair shop as the crackling voice of the announcer came through the beat-up speakers of his transistor radio.

"Meridian for the last week has been a hotbed of racial strain. Beginning with

the burning of the A.M.E. Zion Tabernacle, an outcry against the racist presence in the city has led to the recent march by the Urban Equality League through the streets of Meridian this afternoon. No disturbances were reported. In other news, an unsolved shooting took place near the corner of Samson and Elm yesterday evening. The victim was twelve year old Amanda Keats, an honor roll student at Meridian Middle School..."

In other news, unrelated my ass! Thought Calhoun. He massaged the arthritic fingers of his left hand as he thought. No one on the news would dare the truth, that a damn uppity nigger coon had been seen riding around the Samson heights neighborhood only five minutes before the Keats girl was shot. He came around that tasty tidbit of information at the barbershop, a good a place as any for gathering intelligence.

The year 2005, and getting worse by the month. Who was going to stand up for that Keats girl? Certainly not the sheriff's, they were too busy moaning about what a 'great tragedy for the city' it was that the damn nigger church got burned to the ground.

Hell, back in better days he and some buddies would have took a few uppity coons at nightfall and hung em' up high to keep their place! That weren't gonna do no good now, no how. Just then old man Calhoun had a vision, a vision of him and his trusty Sportsman sniper rifle on the rooftop at the next march by that damned commie red League march.

* * * * *

Somewhere deep in the North Carolina woods...

A young boy sat swaddled in black before a huge crystal tetrahedron which had come all the way from a distributor in London, England.

Before him lay a map of Mississippi and a satellite phone. "Just like Osama Bin Laden's" thought the boy, and chuckled to himself.

Around him, shrouded in the darkness of the trees, stood the members of his Satanist cult. At the sound of the gong, the chanting of the "Diabolus" began. Softly at first, then gaining volume until it was a frenzied sinister cacophony the emanated from the dark boughs of the trees.

The boy's eyes narrowed.

With surgical precision, he began pricking the dot on the map that was designated with the legend "MERIDIAN".

"Dies Irae, Dies Illa, Solvet Saeclum In Favilla...

Teste Satan Cum Sabiylla.. Quantos Tremor Est

Futurus... Cuncta Stricte Discussurus...

Aperiatur Stella et germinet Atazoth."

The sound brings down a starless night.

Suddenly, all is dark, all is silent.

The Satanists have disappeared into the woods.

* * * * *

Old man Calhoun sat sweating atop the Feed and Seed in Meridian. Cradled in his arm was the sniper rifle. The sound of a throng chanting " We Shall Overcome" drifted through the summer breeze. The Urban Equality League was only a block away and would be turning the corner soon.

"Honey baby, I think maybe you should call the FBI". Ryan sat with Kathleen over a bowl of grits before heading out to a day which he really didn't want to come. In an hour state police would be raiding the farm that served as headquarters for the Militant White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. The FBI was ready to come out at a moments notice, and Ryan had only to give the word for the big guns to come in.

"Yeah sweetie, I think that would be a good idea."

Ryan walked into the mudroom and got on the old rotary phone. Fifteen minutes later, sixty FBI agents equipped with silenced M-16's were on their way to the rendezvous point three miles from the farm.

"They are going to come! Mark my words kinsman!"

Walter Shivley stood in the converted barn which stood converted into what? Nothing more than a barn with a lectern and some old benches, which served as the church and political meeting hall of the White Knights.

"The Great Beast 666 has conspired against us!

The Satanic Black race will not stop their pillage and they are going to employ the Beastly government to attempt to smash our white resistance! Yes brothers, we'll give them our guns, but we'll give them our bullets first!"

The small group erupted with oaths and curses as men fed rounds into their assault rifles and pumped their shotguns. Shively beamed, putting his hands down so he could scratch his arm through his black uniform shirt.

Walter Shively always wore long sleeves when he went to speak to his men. That was the only way he could cover up the tattoo of the LIDAGON sigil and the Black Goat of Destruction which were on his left forearm. Having that exposed amongst these rednecks, well, that just wouldn't be expedient, not at all.

Kathleen sat naked in her bathroom, masturbating with an inverted cross while staring at the Sinister Tarot image of the sphere of Mars. Her pale thighs began to tremble as she neared climax. She began to pant the words "Azanigin...Azanigin...Azanigin..."

As the Klansmen took positions around the farm, waiting for the siege to start (they had been tipped off by their source in the State police, who called herself "Cathy", no one knew who she was, except Shivley of course.) Shivley took off in his beautiful BMW mini cooper. BURZUM'S "Hvis Lyset Tar Oss" blared through his state of the art speakers. Shively grinned.

A rifle shot made a loud report through the crowded city blocks. A grotesquely obese octoroon woman fell to the ground, her brain blown out the back of her skull. The crowd halted and screamed. An old white man stood up from the roof of the feed and seed, waving his hands excitedly. "Hey you commie niggers, hey coon, how you like that hurting I put on your mammie!". He laughed and ducked before the crowd started throwing bricks which happened

to be piled in front of the feed and seed. I wonder who put them there? Must have been one of those crazy black metal kids from the suburbs, stealing from the brickyard and then abandoning his quarry before the cops rounded the corner.

Within four hours the city was in a state of emergency. Rioting had spread like wildfire, caused by the agitation of one Mr. Goldberg and started by the violent members of the Leninist Communist Brigade, which likened to operate under the corporate nom de plume of the Urban Equality League. The television news (the media center that hadn't been destroyed by the fires set by the ever-increasing horde of blacks) reported at five o'clock that the governor had called in the National Guard. A complete report was due in at eleven o'clock.

Special Agent Anderson started to walk towards the nondescript gold van before stopping and reaching into his pocket . He withdrew a small laminated picture. On it was a strange symbol with the word "BUDSTURGA" at the bottom. The ruby in his sleek golden ring upon his left hand seemed to twinkle in the afternoon light. He called on his cell phone to headquarters.

"Hello, this is FBI Quantico."

"Hello Quantico, this is Special Agent Anderson at the Kluxer Farm. We've got a situation here. We've had some flash bang hand grenades thrown at our men from several different locations, and we've got a lunatic screaming from a megaphone that they have women and children as hostages. They want to negotiate."

"What do they want Andy?"

"They're demanding to be given the entire northeast United Stated to be used for a White Aryan Bastion."

"Godalmighty, this is going to be worse than Waco."

Anderson grinned like a kid in a candy store before assuming a grim tone to continue the ridiculously funny conversation.

"It may be sir, it very well may be."

Petey Saunders had driven across the state line and was now in Louisiana. He had more guns, and he had some crack. And killing on crack was, well, you'd have to ask him really to get the full story. PUFF DADDY AND The FAMILY bumped and noddled out of his old dilapidated speakers as he drove into the night. He now had already five notches on his MAC-11 - five white honkey crackers dead. Sho nuff', they was gonna be a lot mo' crackers in Louisiana, that's for damn sure, niggah.

There was a celebration at the rural community which sat deep in the southern woods. Stephens, having escaped Canada had finally arrived. What is more, he had brought a few congregants from the temple in Saginaw.

Voluptuous, naked females danced in an eastern fashion around the flames of the fire. Stephens and another man sat off in the shadows, talking quietly to one another.

"It's happening."

"I know."

"The mother of demons?"

"She has been evoked."

"The goddess of Destruction, in physical form upon the earth."

"Yes, she is here at last."

"Agios O Azanigin...."

Questions:

1.) How many Satanists are there within the characters of "A Clandestine Burning"? Name them and explain the roles that they assumed and why.

2.) There is a very important part of the "Diabolus" Chant missing in the text. What line is missing? Write down that text, the English translation and explain the significance of the coming of Vindex.

3.) What sort of techniques could be used to esoterically influence a geographical area with acausal energies? From the text it seems that the rural community was in North Carolina while the 'presencing' is several states away, in Mississippi. How does this work? What is 'remote viewing'?

4.) What is the significance of 'the rings' and in what stage of the Seven-Fold Sinister Path does one traditionally procure such a ring?

5.) Which character in this story was the most adverse affected by the Sinister forces which were being unleashed by the Satanists?

6.) Make a list of extremist political groups and religious groups (right-wing, left-wing or otherwise) that you can think of off the top of your head. Now, pick three of them and write an essay on what potential those groups could have if they were remotely controlled by Noctulians.

7.) What is the significance of the cat in the story? Explain what a 'familiar' is according to witchcraft.

NIGHT OF SATAN

Gwydion made an exit from his older model automobile, stretched lazily, then shut the door (without bothering to lock.) Above him stretched the pale blue of oncoming twilight; before him loomed a rather nondescript but indulging (after a fashion) structure which could not be mistaken for anything but a modern shopping mall. As if to prove this point, Gwydion's senses perked appreciably as the smell of cotton-candy perfume and the sound of youthful chittering caused him to turn and investigate.

Three modern maidens of the freshmen variety passed Gwydion without so much as a glance at him or his less-than-impressive vehicle. Their moon-like faces sparkled with glitter and oddly colored lip-gloss, and Gwydion paused to drink of their blood essence.

Turning away, he sighed, and continued on towards his intended destination with scenes of the girls he had passed suffering various tortures in remote Wallachian castles playing happily in his mind's eye.

The mall, on a typical Friday night in a typical American suburb, was suffuse with life. The destination of many a domesticated youth, the scene was occasionally spiced with a smattering of older twenty-somethings (the latter were often viewed as very thrilling and 'dangerous' by the former) who would stop off for a beginning-of-the-weekend stroll before proceeding to late-night reveries of fast food, gluttonous drug use and sex (not particularly in that order.) For any self-proclaimed "Living Vampire" (what to mention de facto adolescent?) in the suburbs, this was the place to go for a bit of feeding and a chance to "keep one's finger on the pulse of things", as was good to do on occasion.

Two squires of the senior variety and one maid of the sophomore variety strolled towards the hero of our story. The males of the small band were dressed in ridiculously oversized blue jeans, backwards hats, and tent-like sports jerseys bearing gaudily embroidered infinity loops. The female was attired as. a slut (let's be frank, shall we?)

As the trio drew closer, they mumbled something then laughed over-dramatically. Whether their "acting out" was intended as a jibe against Gwydion or whether they were simply behaving as humans often do, we will let remain a mystery, however Gwydion, as befitting his perceptual idiosyncrasies, viewed it as the former.

In his mind's eye he visualized a black, dripping tendril extending out from his body and into the female. Floating black shapes surround the girl as Gwydion fingers the small bag of goofer dust in his pocket end.

The "wigger princess" grabs her stomach and begins retching softly. Just then the eyes of one of the human chattel meet the peering orbs of Gwydion, as if with a look, he could petition the perpetrator to help alleviate what was fast becoming a strange and rather embarrassing situation.

Gwydion smiled, made the sign of the horns and quiety muttered the name "Pazuzu" before walking off towards the center court.

As he gracefully strolled onwards, he heard the distinctive sound of vomit hitting buffed marble somewhere back in the distance, and his smile grew into an outright obscene and lecherous grin.

With portents such as this so early in the evening, surely the night spread out before him like a great black canvas would prove to be an auspicious one indeed!

Past the record store, around the bend and into the coffee shop Gwydion strolled; the stacatto report of his out-of-fashion hobnailed boots lost in the din of low white-noise that typified his environs. Once into the partially-shielded coffee shop, the sounds grew less caustic and were replaced by the low but furtive conversations of self-styled 'academe' and the soft sound of generic instrumental 'muzak.'

Gwydion stepped up to the counter.

"Give me a Mocha raspberry, large please."

"Certainly," replied the college-aged girl with horn-rimmed glasses and a slightly "granola" appearance.

"Thank you very much."

Having obtained his beverage (as Gwydion learned before long ago that, for youth, the proof that one had spent at least some money during one's visit to the mall greatly reduced the chances of being a target of the unpalatable surveillance by the resident security force), Gwydion walked into the "food court" area, taking a remote table close to the exit.

Gwydion fidgeted with the soft leather satchel he had carried from his car, but refrained from opening it and rifling through his various manuscripts. After all, in keeping with decorum, this was a shopping center cafeteria - not a library!

He sat, sipping his coffee occasionally, scanning the crowd for the person he was scheduled to rendezvous with and feeding upon the vibrancy of the humanity strewn out-and-about the mall. Despite the fact that he was energized (he had traveled in the astral the night before, feeding deeply on a particularly delicious victim), as well he should be, he found strangely that his thirst was not slaked.

His thoughts were interrupted, with an abrupt sighting of what seemed to be a monarch butterfly, perched on the marquis of one of the food shops. His concentration, as it were, had been broken.

Damn! Surely I need more power - what secrets are not being revealed to me in the manuscripts? Thought Gwydion sourly.

As if to answer that question, a figure suddenly stood before him - as if he had simply materialized on the spot.

"Hello, I am Jonathan Hubbur."

Gwydion rose from his seat.

"Vampiric Greetings, brother."

As two good-natured fellows often do, the pair shook hands briefly. Gwydion could not but to feel a dark elation at the man's touch, as energy gleaned from that brief physical contact was similar to the feeling that Gwydion had felt

when kneeling before graves in the cemetery. Perhaps this Mr. Hubbur was what he claimed to be after all!

Jonathan had contacted Gwydion to start with - a response to an advertisement on the internet for Gwydion's fledgling temple. The temple was, as might be surmised, of the vampiric sort. Although it boasted a half-dozen members scattered across various parts o the world, the core (that is, those individuals who knew and worked with Gwydion in person) was composed only of a few persons.

Yet, the fanaticism of Gwydion projected a powerful glamour upon those who came into contact with him - and his temple's reputation was an intimation of an order possessing genuine darkness.

Gwydion quickly made an assessment of Jonathan.

He was quite a bit older than he himself, perhaps more than a decade. Also, the look of the man's garb and the man himself was unfamiliar to Gwydion. Hubbur was an American, no doubt, but either he was very well traveled or from a completely obscure part of the country (perhaps both!)

As such, thought Gwydion, to the most brutal degree must I myself exemplify my loyalty to the Undead Gods before this stranger!

The pair sat, engaging in a bit of small talk at first as the throbbing shoppers continued in their Friday night pastimes all around them.

Gwydion opened his leather case, removing a photocopied and stapled document of some thirty pages in length. The title of the manuscript was printed in a strange, obscure typeface; beneath it, an image showing a castle with a demon leering out from one of the parapets.

"Here, Jonathan, is the manuscript you requested!"

Hubbur deftly plucked out a ten dollar bill with one hand and slid it across the table, while sliding the manuscript towards himself with the other hand.

Gwydion pocketed the cash, then swept his hand grandiosely out toward the crowd.

"Behold - the humans - our slaves."

Jonathan raised an eyebrow.

"You are a pompous child!"

Gwydion glared - such an insult was far beyond anything he could ever had.

"Stop what you are thinking child, be silent!"

Gwydion, as if compelled, dropped his hand, staring forward.

Jonathan raked his rather long and yellow fingernails across the cover of the manuscript.

"Gwydion. or should I use your Christian name, Thomas? Do not misunderstand me. We are pleased with your work, very pleased, in fact. If it had not been so, we would have never contacted you and came so far to see you - although we have visited you many times before - through that old mirror of yours! Do you understand?"

Gwydion nodded, in a state of dark and pleasurable shock.

"You plead in the night for genuine darkness - real world evil. You call out to the Backwards Darkness for the Undead to come unto you. Do you truly want these things Thomas, or are your words mere affectation?"

Gwydion was roused, leaning over the table towards Jonathan and speaking in a harsh whisper.

"I am fanatical in my pursuit of the blood, dear sir! I am a vampire, a walking demon of Lord Sathanas! I bleed for Lord Sathanas to bring the Undead upon the earth once again!"

To illustrate, Gwydion pulled up the sleeve of his long-sleeve black shirt, revealing a neat row of self-inflicted razor cuts.

Jonathan nodded his head approvingly.

"So it seems, Gwydion, so it seems."

He put his hand over Gwydion's own.

The gesture created a surge of anxiety in Gwydion. He seemed to feel the eyes of others upon him and Jonathan. What would they think? Under this, he could feel his blood current being drained into Jonathan, the older man's spirit and will dominating his own.

Jonathan removed his hand silently, then stared across at his victim, gazing squarely into his eyes.

"If you are serious Gwydion, you will come with me now."

Before he knew it, Gwydion was walking the length of the mall, toward the far exit to the back of the parking lot. Something that felt like shame and even fear flooded Gwydion, he blushed heavily.

He was used to being the dominator, submitting to none! Yes, there were the communions at three in the morning within his bedroom that served as his private temple, but even that, he thought, was within his comfort zone.

Out of the building now, into the parking lot full of modern cars, glowing under the sodium lights.

Jonathan removed his keys and gestured towards the most remote section of the parking lot.

"My car is over there."

Another minute or so, and Gwydion sat in the passenger side of a recent model luxury sedan with leather seats.

Jonathan turned the key, and the engine came to life, purring softly.

There was no sound in the car except the background music, which seemed to be some sort of chanting layered over new-age sounding music. This too was disquieting for Gwydion, whose ears were accustomed to searing black metal played at high decibels.

Both men were silent as they drove under the cover of mid-evening darkness.

Gwydion's stomach rolled uneasily.

They turned onto an entrance ramp, merging onto the northbound interstate highway.

A chill seemed to descend as Gwydion's home and domain moved farther and farther behind him in the deepening night.

Dark, monotonous, nocturnal landscapes came and went. Morbid and sinister and seemingly all the same. Second growth pine forests bordering the four-lane freeway blocked out all sight of the civilized world that lay behind their green expanse.

Gwydion's trepidation did not grow less - but the night, the hypnotic routine of the road and the strange music on the stereo all combined to put him into a trance-like, acausal frame of mind.

Onto an exit ramp bearing a legend of an area he had never heard of, off the freeway and onto a near deserted country road surrounded by gaping wilderness. How long had they been driving?

Hours must have past, but Gwydion wore no watch and he loathed to break the mystic silence with a mundane question to the driver.

"We're almost there, Gwydion!"

Jonathan's face was pasty white and sweating coldly. His face contorted into a sadistic grin as he turned, casting a glance at Gwydion before returning his eyes to the road.

Jonathan's hand snaked across the gearshift and began stroking Gwydion's thigh, as if to soothe him.

Gwydion felt bile rise in his gorge. What have I gotten myself into? Just what in the world have I gotten myself into?

Gwydion's body was afflicted with a disquieting paralysis and he stared, listless

and afraid, out at the dark sky and the stands of pine.

They made a turn at a long since abandoned barn, then several miles deeper into the country.

Gwydion thought he saw a hooded figure watching their progress, from the cloak of trees, then a disc-shaped object floating in the cold sky.

Soon they turned into a driveway, the property concealed behind a barrier of natural design.

Jonathan turned the key and the car stopped smoothly in front of a steel building that, for Gwydion, exuded an aura of eldritch menace.

The pair exited the vehicle.

They by-passed the garage doors and came to a service entrance.

Jonathan inserted a key, pulled the door open, and bade Gwydion to enter.

Gwydion's judgement played out an internal war in his head - a battle between his emerging, shadow self and his remaining vulnerable humanity.

But, one by one, he took slow, halting steps towards the open door, as Jonathan looked on, his emotions masked behind a sinister stare.

They were inside, the door closed and locked behind them. The building was large, lit only be yellowed and dusty laterns.

There was movement in the shadows.

Near a shadowed corner, Gwydion was bidden to sit, on a soft bed of old yet comfortable throw-pillows which had been scattered deep atop the cement floor.

Jonathan retreated to another part of the enclosed area then returned, bearing a milk-like beverage for his guest.

"Drink Gwydion, drink to the glory of the Undead Gods beyond the gate of

Saturn!"

Gwydion obeyed, slurping thirstily the entire chalice in nearly a single draught.

Unbeknown to Gwydion, the drink had been heavily laced with a liquid version of a hallucinogenic substance.

Time and space began to take on strange proportions. Gwydion saw shapes form and dissolve before his eyes. Somewhere, music was playing. Not music like he had heard in Jonathan's car, but blatantly dark, apocalyptic, militaristic soundscapes that set his teeth on edge.

Demons crept toward him out of the darkness, groping him, sibilating bizarre names that intensified the sense of dread and darkness that hung thickly in the air.

One of them had a body of a man, but his face was amass of dripping, red intestines.

He remembered several people stripping him nude, draping a swastika flag over his body, and laughing.

For awhile, the demons ceased to appear.

A girl came to him out of the dark; caressing him, soothing his fears.

"There, there my child."

Her voice was like a thousand voices speaking in unison.

He began to calm, mesmerized by the creamy hue of her skin, which seemed to pulse with the acausal. But soon, she too had disappeared and in her place came rough hands; probing and violating his body. He felt himself being lifted, spread and chained onto a cold, metal apparatus. Then, the cruel, biting lash of a whip bringing pain beyond any he had ever known before.

How long he screamed.

The sounds of his pleading for mercy and relief were cut through by a high,

metallic voice which seemed to penetrate into his very mind, even as the whip continued to tear at his raw flesh.

"Can you tell us boy, what is it that the soil cries for?"

Lash. Lash. Lash.

Scream. Scream. Scream.

"That is - what makes the grass grow?"

He felt himself being raped with a cold, dead object.

Gwydion began to cry.

"Answer us, boy!"

All the demons assembled began to scream the question in unison.

"ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER US, BOY! ANSWER.. ANSWER!!!"

A figure in a black cloak, face obscured by corpse-paint, stood before him. He drew an object across his own wrist, and the crimson, crimson claret began to flow, dripping upon Gwydion's face.

Gwydion's mind seem to shatter like glass, spreading into a million directions.

His hysterical weeping and screaming began to cease as a hoarse cry issued forth from his innermost self:

"BLOOD! BLOOD! BLOOD!!!"

The robed figure shoved the bleeding wound into Gwydion's mouth and the neonate suckled at the fount of the Abyss, imbibing, as it were, the elixir of Qlipoth.

Silence fell, and all was black.

A LONG REACH

An Object Lesson in Influence and Sinister Social Engineering

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Introduction:

Dark fir trees crawled in shadowed majesty up the twisting slope that led to the infamous boarding school of Arthyn. That peculiar and seemingly old-world institute was set in a cleft of the hills; spread out in a bowl-shaped valley and naturally a fortress; surrounded by the forested hills which blocked it from the view of lower ground.

Six miles down in the valley was the small if not quite quaint village of Wesley. Its brooding, modern populace consisted of an upper-economic strata of computer researchers who worked at the techno-development plant further towards the city. They were a hedonistic, educated sort who spent their leisure hours hiking in the many expansive regional parks, masticating organic victuals in ultra-sanitary chic eateries, and enjoying un-extraordinary private lives in their well-furnished houses and fashionable apartments.

The working class men and women of Wesley, equally morbid, consisted of mostly youngish folk of semi rural stock who subsisted on paltry incomes supplied by logging, service jobs, or increasingly, state welfare. They lived hard, drank a great deal, engaged in tumultuous love affairs, drug use was not uncommon, and a culture of violence (domestic and otherwise) made "their side of town" a bit more entertaining than the haunts of the would-be upper-crust of the middle class.

And as long as the present generation of Wesley could remember, down the road at the place where "the mountains began" was the Arthyn school - anomalous and mysterious. It was not that it was purposeful in its obscurity (though perhaps it was), the fact was that the affairs of the school and the village simply did not mix to a significant degree. Sure, a few of the Arthyn staff (surprisingly small for the structural enormity of the school itself) came into Wesley for groceries, gas and the like. Yet there was little social interaction between the Arthyn folk and the village folk. The Arthyn folk were considered

strait-laced, stiff, it was widely agreed in Wesley that they must be fanatics of some sort; the 'sort' was not known and thus the lingering question remained a point of wild and often sensational speculation.

It is in this small land of an 'elite' school and the town that lay in the valley nearby that our story takes place. It is a story about two individuals, Alexis and Anastasia, and the strange adventures they had in those dark, woody hills. If you're willing, you're welcome to follow us now into the halls of Arthyn school and find out what the people of Wesley have only been able to wonder about for a long time.

I think you'll be amazed, or perhaps you'll be appalled? I think I'll leave that for you to decide...

Chapter 1

Although it was already after dawn, on the grounds of Arthyn lay a humid morning mist - the sun had yet to break through the soft down barrier of low-lying mountain clouds.

The week-day activities were well under way and in the student cafeteria, rows of youth sat at long, wooden tables quaffing bowls of hot porridge and steaming mugs of mint tea.

Alexis had foregone the breakfast this morning and instead had made his way to the circular half-mile track where he was now nearing the end of his fourth circumnavigation.

As he slowed, nearing the adjoining path back to the dormitories, he spat upon the ground. He would only walk two miles this morning and he had followed through with maintaining this limit. On this particular morning, he needed to save his strength for more intellectual pursuits that awaited him within the course of the day. As was his habit, Alexis had executed his morning exercise dressed in full school uniform - grey slacks and a grey, Austrian-style jacket. His fellow classmen thought him not a little odd because of this practice of his; those same fellow classmen who huffed and puffed and labored and sweated in their shorts and tank-tops emblazoned with the school emblem.

As usual, Alexis smiled amiably at his athletic contemporaries and thought privately to himself that their physical prowess was no doubt partially due to the fact that they were entirely unencumbered by the burden of higher consciousness.

Alexis breathed deeply through his nostrils. He was aware of his body, sheathed in sweat beneath his garments, which was now turning cold on his skin as a wind blew, jostling the treetops nearby.

His mild physical exertion provided a respite from his usual feelings, for now. Yet, he knew the temporary sensation of well-being would be soon superseded by the crawling, diseased awareness that had been his cross for over a year now. He grimaced to himself, wondering if the others who had experimented with similar rites had experienced such "success" in what was termed the "physiological transfiguration". No doubt they had, no doubt they had...

As he walked, Alexis took very little notice of the people who passed by him, in every possible direction as the morning class period crept nearer and nearer. He took no notice that is, excepting the youthful and attractive girls who sat on a bench in the courtyard which served as a sort of 'daytime forum' for students on the campus. He felt a not unfamiliar throb in his groin, a quite familiar throb in fact, which he had yet to satiate in any satisfactory manner for quite sometime.

He thought of going over to say hello, but then considered the time - his modern literature class was due to begin any minute now. He quickened his pace, but not before noticing a small, dark-haired girl sitting alone, knees drawn up to her chest, over by the shrubbery.

She looked up at him as he passed, large eyes, dark as midnight, staring at him unwaveringly. He glanced down, appearing nonchalant and was only able to muster a "Good morning", before continuing his hurried trek.

She uttered a single word.

"Hello".

Alexis had already passed, yet the single word froze him and he turned, not sure if he would be able to summon and equally terse verbal riposte, but very

sure that he must have another look at the girl.

He stared. She stared in return, raising her left hand and exposing her palm, upon which a curious symbol had been drawn in heavy black marker.

Alexis smiled.

She smiled in return.

Both smiles were unfriendly.

They were, in actuality, quite demonic.

Deciding not to sully the moment with anything mundane, Alexis pivoted smartly and marched off - trusting that he would encounter this confederate again when the time was right and hoping that his North Korean-style militaristic bearing would appear as attractive to her as he thought it would be.

Chapter 2

Anastasia lay upon her bed, limbs sprawled akimbo, inside her comfortable, climate-controlled dormitory room.

Her drab, grey, knee-length skirt hung neatly over the back of a wooden chair at her desk and she lounged wearing only her thick, grey woolen socks, black knickers and a black baby doll t-shirt a friend had sent to her as a present last winter.

She relished the cold air moving over the exposed flesh of her legs as much as she relished the weird, lilting neo-folk music wafting out from her small stereo.

She lived in the "Donner Building", one of two all-female dormitories on Arthyn campus. Despite the fact that Arthyn was a very liberal boarding school, patterned as it was after secular colleges (a fact that would have greatly surprised the inhabitants of Wesley), co-ed living quarters was deemed not expedient by the school administration. Thus, the boys and girls (or "young men and women", depending on how one chooses to perceive the thirteen to eighteen

years of age crowd) lived separately but studied and socialized with one another freely. Amorous liaisons between students were common and quietly accepted in the modern environment. The small medical department dispensed contraceptives with no questions asked and many of the older professors considered this arrangement of mixed company much preferable to the morbid and sadistic homosexuality they themselves experienced in the boarding schools of their youth.

Anastasia rolled her head to the side, staring at the blinking digital clock face built into her stereo. The clock read two-forty one.

Her afternoon mathematics class had holiday for today, thus most of the last hour had been hers and hers alone. Within fifteen minutes her three roommates would be arriving back from their respective classes and the entire building in general would be filled with the manic chittering of girls as another scheduled day came to an end.

She sighed.

Her roommates, as it were, were quite agreeable - however solitude such as she had enjoyed this afternoon was always something to be treasured.

Anastasia shared her room with Anna, Misty, Lorna and Darlene.

Darlene was eighteen and a senior, as she was herself. Both of them had opted to stay at Arthyn for another year following their graduation to take part in a college preparatory course before leaving to their respective universities.

Lorna was a rambunctious and genius sixteen. One of the few Asians at Arthyn, Lorna was the only child of a very affluent Taiwanese-American businessman. Involved in every possible sport and club on campus, she was rarely in the room except to sleep and excitedly punch keys on her electronic notebook at odd hours of the night.

Misty was the youngest: thirteen, of dirty-blonde hair and Appalachian parentage, she was rumored to be a nymphomaniac and regularly gleamed with an aura of insanity. Anastasia considered her to have significant sinister potential and personal magnetism, although perhaps a bit lacking in self-discipline.

Anastasia slowly sat up in her bed, swinging her legs over the side before standing and padding her way in sock feet over to the small bureau which contained her various possessions and no-uniform clothing articles. She sighed, rummaging for something to hike in and enjoying the ending strain of the song from her stereo.

As if on cue, as soon as the strange music faded to silence, the door swung open and then slammed shut again with equal force.

Misty stood before her, her shirttail un-tucked, blonde hair askew and sweat gleaming on her forehead.

Misty finished panting then stared squarely at Anastasia. She grinned wickedly, slipping her hand inside the waistband of her skirt and knickers and extracting a small plastic packet, which she triumphantly, dramatically raised into the air.

"I've got pot!".

Anastasia and Misty began snickering, then began capering and dancing wildly about the room, full of zest and vitality...

Chapter 3

Alexis sat in his room in the "Claux Building", a heavy blanket hung over the window to block out the glare of the afternoon sun, that insidious destroyer of darkness. Alexis' only roommate lay sleeping silently in the bed pushed into the corner.

Faint light from the screen of his laptop bathed his face and hands in a soft incandescence as he scrolled down, rereading a recent letter from Gwydion, the lair leader of the cult that Alexis aspired to join.

Blip. The window was minimized.

Blip. Another window was maximized.

Before him glared the face of a sinister looking bearded fellow, an Inner Circle

member of the same cult Gywdion was with. Below the picture, a recent article by the same...

"..... and so the vampire must act, they must become the embodiment of evil in the flesh - and so affecting those who come into contact with the vampire; those who shall be duly infected with the alien-based energy which emits from the undead flesh the way radiation emits from a nuclear core-rod..."

Alexis skipped down past the remainder of the article, he had read it several times a day since it was posted over a week ago.

Though much of it was a bit incomprehensible to him, the parts of the essay he did understand were most zealously implemented by his person. And strangely, even with the parts of the essay he did not understand, the language itself excited him in a way he could not quite put his finger on and he felt powerful simply reading it.

Further down on the webpage were hyperlinks to more articles and some delicious pictures of what looked to be extremely brutal female on female corporal punishment pornography, boldly framed with dark praises to "the Undead Goddess - Her Ladyship Erzsebet Bathory" and links to rituals by which one could summon the same. At the very bottom of the page was an address, discreetly placed, to an obscure name in some obscure town in an out-of-the-way province.

Alexis stared fixated, reviewing the same information which he had reviewed with the same amount of ardor thousands of times before.

Although Alexis was cynical, even disdainful about many things, the thought of being cynical about the propagators of what he considered to be the prophecies of his "dark destiny" never crossed his mind.

At all.

All proclamations found on the website, manuscripts, lecture tapes, newsletters and correspondences emanating from his object of aesthetic devotion inspired nothing but awe, desire, fanaticism...
He was in love with a concept and, as he began to practice the formulas sent to

him by Gwydion, he fell in love with the process - the steps he had taken thus far to implement the Harsh Alchemical Path of Wampyr.

Alexis logged offline, letting a screensaver of an atom bomb blowing up over a shadow outline of New York City play out on the computer screen, permeating his corner of the room with a sinister crimson glow.

From his pocket (he was still wearing the school uniform he had worn in the morning, despite the fact that casual clothes were allowed after the scheduled day was over) Alexis withdrew a small, jagged piece of quartz.

The faint red glow from the computer screen sparkled on the rough edges of the stone, a phenomena which pleased Alexis immensely. He could feel himself beginning to slip into the liquid, transcendental mindset that he associated with the practice of astral blood feeding.

Pivoting, he grabbed a grey and well-used rucksack from a peg on the wall then stood, strapping on the pack and slipping the quartz back into the pocket of his jacket.

His feeling of transcendence did not cease and his eyes roamed slowly about the darkened room. He felt like the lord of his domain and the diseased pulsing of blood within him had transformed into a clear pleasurable charge - as it often did as night was approaching.

He lifted the makeshift curtain away from the window and stole a peek outside.

Alexis smiled.

The sun was only a fading orange glow behind the mountains. Clouds moved swiftly across the sky which glowed, purple in the aesthetic majesty of its twilight hours.

He had spent longer perusing the vampiric data on his computer than he first thought. And, as all who lived in the region knew, night fell quickly in these mountains.

Alexis dropped the curtain efficiently into place. His roommate grunted, rolled over, and began snoring.

Alexis, as usual, had much to consider... In the forefront was the appearance of the girl he had seen in the courtyard. Had the cult gratuitously tipped her off about his presence here at Arthyn? He thought it was a very likely possibility.

With his pack laden with some books on vampirism, a cassette player, some food, tobacco, drink and few ritual implements, Alexis stole swiftly out of the room, down the corridor and to the forest at the edge of the campus. He needed the presence of untamed and barbaric nature and the cloak of night to consider the girl - the thought of her which was mixed with an inexplicable feeling of sinister elation and heavy, atmospheric sensuality.

By the time he reached the woods, all trace of the sun had vanished. Larger clouds moved in with the breeze across the deep blue sky, promising a black and starless night.

Alexis smiled, then hurried into the cover of the trees...

Chapter 4

Somewhere in an apartment in a medium-sized North American city, a figure sat alone in a small room bereft of all furnishings except an overturned bureau drawer, painted black, set in the center of the room and serving on this night as an altar.

Upon the altar was a large piece of quartz crystal, the parent stone from which several smaller stones had been broken off and distributed to several different Initiates, all of them residing in separate states except for two - one a male, one a female.

It was these two who concerned the lone figure this night.

Gingerly lifting a small surgical scapel from the altar, with a languorous motion Gwydion cut crosswise across his palm.
"Nythra Kthunae Atazoth".

A swift stream of blood began to flow from the wound, soon covering his hand, wrist and arm in a lubricating sheath of crimson gore.

With his wounded hand, Gwydion grasped the blade and repeated the same procedure with his other palm. The blood began to flow more vigorously now, the red stream pooling upon the surface of his altar.

Lost in some ghastly rasa with his devotees, Gwydion shut his eyes and placed his bleeding hands upon the crystal.

His astral ascended, up and out of his corpse and began to travel the astral web - seeking out the owners of the other stones - his blood progeny, his slaves, his personal blood pool of neonates and initiates. It was two he specifically sought this night and, after a time, he found them.

Now Gwydion too haunted the woods of Arthyn.

Chapter 5

Misty and Anastasia walked along a well-worn path under the cover of darkness. All was silent except the soft sounds of their boots crushing still-damp leaves underfoot, the whispering of the wind through the trees and the cry of a screech owl in the distance.

Anastasia glanced at Misty from out of the corner of her eye. A light trickle of sweat beaded down her forehead and a slightly maniacal gleam twinkled in her young eyes.

What went on in that mind of hers? Anastasia wondered...

No doubt it was Misty and her unfettered embracing of her own youth, her sex, her freedom that allowed her to experience herself and her world in such a forceful and vivifying manner.

In many ways Anastasia viewed Misty as the prime example of one who is naturally Satanic, in an unconscious way. What would occur if the Satanic aspect became conscious to Misty? And would it even be necessary, would it be necessary to Sinister Strategy that Misty become aware of the 'Satanic' in the same way that she herself was aware?

At a rise in the path the two girls came to a sharply descending trail that forked off to the left, leading into a small, narrow ravine.

Anastasia felt a burning sensation pass through her body. The breeze rustled the treetops and she felt as if a magnetic pull was drawing her...

"Let's go down there to smoke, hmm?"

Misty nodded with enthusiastic consent and the two girls descended.

At the bottom of the ravine lay a stagnant pool of dark water. Its surface was covered with fallen leaves. Alexis leaned his back against a sturdy fir tree, gazing into the black water and meditating on the chants coming through the speakers of his headset.

So deep was his meditation and so forcefully were the recorded words of the chant spoken caused Alexis not to notice the two figures creeping down the path behind him.

Across the sour pool though was a figure whom Alexis had been observing for sometime now, a figure who had in turn been observing Alexis intently as well.

Behind the bough of a twisted woodland scrub brush stared an astral apparition.

A purple face was framed by ragged, white but blood-stained garments. Black eyes stared forth, like the mirror of the Abyss.

Alexis removed the quartz from his pocket and the astral vampire across the water leered, revealing razor-sharp black fangs.

It was a sign of recognition.
"Look Anastasia! Isn't that the guy you've been talking about, eh?"

Misty glanced over and rolled her eyes mischievously.

They stopped, watching Alexis.

"Well, so it is. Perhaps you would have enough herb to include a third in our little fun? It is Friday night after all!"

Misty stared down at Alexis, who was now fiddling with the controls on his cassette recorder. Anastasia, still smiling, studied her features and intuited that a definite plot was brewing in her mind.

"Misty?"

It took a moment for her to respond.

"Misty?"

"Huh? Oh baby you know there's enough! It's a quarter ounce after all!"

"Well, let's go see if he wants to join us."

They began walking down the path again, loudly, as if to attract his attention.

Chapter 6

It was in such manner that a certain Alexis and a certain Anastasia became acquainted for the first time one night in the wood bordering Arthyn. Like Alexis, Anastasia too carried a peculiar quartz piece with her on that night. Like Anastasia, Alexis was also an Initiate of Gwydion's lair. Although at the time of the meeting betwixt Alexis and Anastasia neither of them had met Gwydion in the flesh, it remains a fact that Gwydion was the 'matchmaker' in their union and helped - via his presence in the astral and his use of certain magical techniques - to provoke the outcome of their seemingly "chance" meeting that night.

Misty ended up becoming close with Alexis and even closer with Anastasia - intimate if you will. Misty never made it to External Adept. At fifteen she ran away from Arthyn school - down to the town of Wesley, never to return. She caused much chaos, wrapping many around her finger with her precocious charms and her even more precocious sinister intent. There were several church burnings and crimes, violence and even one or two killings - both of the latter

were the kinds referred to as "crimes of passion" by the police. Misty had the satisfaction of knowing that she had been the inspiration for those crimes.

After a certain covert operation of hers went awry, Misty blew her brains out with a shotgun while federal law enforcement officers pleaded over a loudspeaker outside of her residence that "surrender is the only option" and "you cannot escape."

Misty died rather than submitting. She committed a sacrificial suicide for Satan, offering herself as a willing opfer to propitiate the Dark Gods of the Acausal.

Anastasia stayed an extra year at Arthyn for the college preparatory program as she had intended.

She took a year leave from her studies between Arthyn and college and undertook an insight role, one that had been specifically suggested to her by Gwydion.

One moonless night in the wilds of Montana, Anastasia performed the rite of External Adept: she acknowledged the stars and they acknowledged her.

Soon after, Anastasia went off to college and became engrossed in her academic life and the rigors of the university: boyfriends, career-planning, etc. Her interest in the Sinister Path waned and at some point she decided to herself that "I'm not really, at my core, very Satanic."

After university was completed she became a high school teacher in a small rural town much like Wesley. Her students (with perhaps a bit of fear as well as adoration) refer to her as "Mrs. Nietzsche" due to her frequent quotations from the works of our dear Friedrich.

Not surprisingly, she is in constant struggle with her fellow teachers, the board of education and the school administration: a struggle which she finds to be strangely vivifying.

Anastasia lives alone but keeps lovers and makes clandestine monetary donations to pro-apartheid organizations in South Africa.

Alexis never renounced his Satanic oath - although he has been known as

many things by many people in many different places. He is out there now - somewhere in the world - furthering the aims of the Sinister Dialectic as explicated by his cult with single-minded ruthlessness.

His dream in life is to reach the stage of Grand Master.

Alexis, Misty and Anastasia never once met Gwydion in the flesh.

Czar Azag-Kala
Tempel ov Blood.
9 B.H.

YASODA-LILA

"And who is the monkey, mommy?"

"Why, you rascal, you know who that is! You tell me who the monkey is!"

"Hanuman! Hanuman! Hanuman!"

With that last declaration of his answer, the young boy contorts his face (expressing some now obscure emotion which only the very young can understand in truth), pinches the bright fabric of his mother's sari once more for good measure, and scampers off the couch, down the hall - and out the door.

For a very brief moment betwixt the action of the door being swung open and then banging shut again, the sounds coming from outside pour fluidly into the house...

Children laughing, the sound of the brahmacaris working with their chainsaws around Srila Visnupada's new mandir, and the blowing of the conchshell announcing the commencement of evening arati in the temple all blend together in a singular, unified chorus.

And then, as the door closes, blocking out the activities beyond the perimeters of the home, all such emanations abruptly cease. In their stead enters the heady, aquatic silence of night which was achingly familiar to the boy's mother who, at one time, was known as Kaitlyn; but who is now more oft referred to as 'Mother Yasoda' since her initiation as Srila Visnupada's disciple several years ago.

Yasoda looks down at the illustration which her and her son had been examining. In the drawing, Hanuman (the monkey-faced devotee of the Supreme Personality of Godhead) kneels amidst an ethereal nocturnal forest, his hands folded in respectful obeisance before Lord Ramacandra. The strange

beauty of Lord Rama's green skin is nearly intoxicating. It is this same attraction that first led her into the movement many years ago, when she was just another struggling Midwestern college student trying to get by in the mile high city. At that period in time, Srila Visnupada had not yet become Stryadhisa Maharaja - but was rather simply Stryadhisa dasa, a brahmacari with several years experience of ashram life.

Kaitlyn had only been in Denver for little over six months when she first encountered the devotees. She had left home immediately after high school - bidding farewell to what she perceived as her small town and her narrow-minded parents - strict Mormon fundamentalists; settling the rugged land "with militancy, for Jesus" (a phrase that had been seared into her mind on more than one occasion during her father's "disciplinary talks" with her and her sister.)

Her upbringing had only served to further steel her already innate rebellious tendency towards any imposed authority. She, unlike some of her university-attending contemporaries, was not at all interested in "fighting the system" through what she viewed as a myriad of perfectly irrelevant "campus concern councils."

She was aware of her own powers of manipulation and, albeit practicing in small and petty arenas (at first), she tested her abilities at every available opportunity.

Mother Yasoda smiles to herself, remembering those early days during her conversion. The temple she did service at was relatively liberal (in comparison to some) and she was afforded an opportunity ever so often to sneak off with Stryadhisa for a bit of conversation during their sankirtan parties.

For an unmarried bhaktin and a senior brahmacari (or any brahmacari!) to be able to carry on any sort of conversation, in private no less, was unheard of even at a 'liberal' temple - but as it was, the temple authorities did not delve too deeply into either Stryadhisa Brahmacari or Bhaktin Kaitlyn's affairs; and for good reason. Both Stryadhisa and Kaitlyn were unmatched in the realm of Sankirtan Party book distribution. They received fame in BBT reports and their temple's reputation (not to mention their finances) were greatly enhanced by the deeds of these two ambitious young devotees.

When out on sankirtan spreading Krishna's mercy, Stryadhisa would accost the karmis with adept skill; blinding them with his intellectual effulgence. At times, karmis who would seem particularly hostile at first would be seen several minutes later walking away from Stryadhisa wearing a dazed expression on their faces - and carrying a sizable number of expensive, hardback books in their hands. These colorful sankirtan capers, oft recounted by the devotees around cups of hot milk sweetened with sugar and puris in the evening, soon began a rumor of Stryadhisa Brahmacari being blessed with "uncanny powers of persuasion."

Bhaktin Kaitlyn's success in filling the temple's coffers was a bit more simply discerned, yet seldom officially mentioned in a movement where "I am not this body" is a frequently stressed official maxim.

Kaitlyn was a lithe, athletic beauty - with Nordic blonde hair, long legs and curves in all the right places. Combine these admirable attributes with the exotic attire of sari, nose jewel and bangles and few of the affluent businessmen of downtown Denver would balk at spending another twenty-five dollars for some obscure Vedic holy book in exchange for spending a few more moments in her presence.

From early on, Stryadhisa and Kaitlyn were "the dream team" - they were the kind of devotees that other devotees were encouraged to emulate. They carried the temple to new heights via their shrewd worldliness coupled with what seemed to be a limitless enthusiasm for the esoteric aspects of devotional service.

If it had not been for being blessed with the nectar of Srila Visnupada's intimate association early on, thought Yasoda, she might have not stayed on in the Society.

Through vivifying monologues on varied topics, Visnupada took her perceptions of Gaudiya Vaisnavism far beyond the standard tenets of the faith and offered Yasoda a way of approaching the path Back to Godhead in a somewhat different way.

She learned to walk the razor's edge between total surrender to the forces of Radhe-Krishna and a ruthless determination for ascendancy in the causal and acausal. Yasoda's thoughts were suddenly interrupted, as Parasurama Dasa

entered.

"Hare Krishna, Parasurama Prabhu!"

"Haribol, Mother Yasoda!"

"How is the work going on Srila Visnupada's new house, prabhu?"

"Great! Just fantastic!!! The tetrahedral design of the building is so amazing... and the reproduction frescoes of Jadurani Devi Dasi's images of Lord Nrsimha and Lord Kalki on the interior walls! Wow! Srila Visnupada must be very dear to Lord Krishna, it is so rare to encounter a soul as liberated as he!"

Parasurama's face was saturated with perspiration and the veins on his working-man muscled arms bulged prominently. The room was effused with the electric emotions of the fanatic.

A phantom cataract passed over Mother Yasoda's eyes - she was slow to respond.

"Yes, prabhu... we are very fortunate to have Srila Visnupada as our spiritual master..."

Parasurama's face went blank in thought, for the very briefest of moments, before he began nervously fidgeting with his japa beads.

He could not help but notice how Mother Yasoda, who must be nearing forty, looked not a day over sixteen.

"Uh... Mother... I just wanted to drop off some paperwork that Srila Visnupada's secretary sent over for you."

"Thank you, prabhu."

Parasurama smiled broadly, happy to have rendered an important service and enlivened by being in such close proximity to Yasoda.

"Mother Yasoda... I saw Kalki Prabhu out playing near the forest with the other young devotees... He's quite the little ringleader!"

"Yes, my son is Krishna's son."

Yasoda looks up from her seated position and grasps Parasurama's arm, squeezing it affectionately for a moment, and then releasing him.

"Haribol, prabhu."

"Haribol, Mother Yasoda."

With that, the young monk departs.

Mother Yasoda looks towards the wall, up at the gaudy Bombay-printed devotional calendar that hangs there.

The twentieth of April was only nine days away and that was Kalki's birthday. She and her guru maharaja and a few trusted others would go south to celebrate, amongst old friends...

Postscript notes:

1.) Stryadhisa dasa Goswami Maharaja - 'Srila Visnupada' was one of the all-time quickest devotees to attain initiating guru status after taking sannyasa. A sanyassi can only become an initiating spiritual master himself after his own spiritual master goes "back to godhead." Srila Visnupada's spiritual master mysteriously disappeared after arriving in Russia on a missions trip. Several days after his disappearance, Visnupada's swami was discovered - shot in the head near the Volga region. An obscure sect of the Khlysty was suspected, but no arrests were ever made.

2.) Kalki dasa (son of Kaitlyn Katrina Kopp a.k.a. 'Yasoda' - father unknown) was conceived in August of "____"yf when his mother was impregnated during a clandestine reenactment of Shree Krishna's conjugal dance and pastimes with the principal gopis, held in an undisclosed locale somewhere between North Carolina and Georgia. Twilight dance - men painted in blue.

3.) A version of the Nine Angles rite performed on same night in August of

"____"yf. Nine months later, "Kalki dasa" born to Katrina Kopp. His birthday, April 20th. Reference ONA ms. 'Words of Vermiel.'

4.) Srila Visnupada is an agent of the TOB and is Falcifer.

5.) Yasoda is Azanigin.

6.) Kalki is Vindex.

7.) Yasoda is vampirically feeding on Parasurama during the during their conversation. (note "draining" followed by a "rain of mercy" - Yasoda is an advanced vampire I.e. "walking undead."

VELTON VINDEX.

Tempel ov Blood

115yf eh